



EVERY TUESDAY

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## All Roads Lead to the Zoos THE MAN IN THE HOLLOW LOG

### PROBLEMS OF ANIMAL COLLECTORS

Zoos all the world over will soon be making great efforts to fill the many blanks in their collections. Our own Zoological Society has already sent four experts to different parts of the world to obtain new specimens for London and Whipsnade.

Hunters and free-lance animal collectors are also getting busy, and many of them will soon be facing the peculiar difficulties of transporting their animals to their new homes. Most of them will have to travel by sea for at least part of their journey, and taking wild animals to sea can be no joke.

#### Queer Cargoes

First, the collector has to find a captain willing to accommodate such unusual passengers, which create problems of feeding and sanitation, and may even break loose and wander about the ship to the alarm and possible danger of all aboard.

Having found his ship, however, the collector's problems are only beginning. Strong and suitable crates have to be made, and those for such big animals as rhinos, elephants, and giraffes are most awkward things to handle. If they are very long they are difficult to coax round corners, and if too tall they would foul tunnels and bridges when sent by rail, and telephone and electricity cables when by road.

Snakes, venomous insects, and spiders are usually transported in tin boxes. Strangely enough, many such creatures are the easiest of all to transport, as they can often live for very long periods without food—more than a year in the case of some snakes.

Those that have to be fed, however, often give the animal collector a headache. A full-grown elephant, for instance, requires about one and a half hundredweight of hay and half as much green food again every

day, to say nothing of grain, root vegetables, and some thirty gallons of water. Some animals will eat only certain foods which may be difficult to obtain, and even more difficult to store. The pretty little Australian koala (often called the Teddy Bear) will eat only the leaves and flowers of certain species of eucalyptus trees, and that queer mammal, the duck-billed platypus—also from Australia—eats nothing but certain worms, freshwater prawns, and other aquatic creatures found only in its native haunts.

Aboard ship, again, the animals must get sufficient fresh air without undue exposure. They are usually quartered on an upper deck, the collector providing what shelter he can against the elements.

#### Hyenas at Large

Some years ago three cheetahs were being brought to this country in cages on the upper deck of a cargo ship. Bad weather was encountered, and although the animals were well sheltered the air was so full of spray that their fur became saturated. Being members of the cat family, their natural instinct was to lick themselves clean, and the salt in the water upset their digestions.

If the ship is also carrying human passengers the collector must keep a very careful watch over his charges, for naturally they come in for a great deal of attention. Unwise feeding may play havoc with their health, and inquisitive children may even set the animals at liberty. This actually happened a few years ago aboard the *Elmira*, when, owing to the attentions of unruly children, the ship docked at Liverpool with two large hyenas loose on the deck.

On another vessel, a full-grown spectacled bear from Peru broke loose during the voyage to England. The animal finally took refuge in the rigging, and several members of the crew were severely wounded while trying to recapture it.

#### Taking Care of Them

A collector may also have to be a doctor to his animals during a voyage. Some creatures suffer severely from sea-sickness—even goldfish have been known to be seriously affected by the motion of the ship—and animals with fragile bones, such as giraffes and gazelles, may slip about in their crates and break their legs. For this reason the crates for such animals are usually made as small as possible.

The collector usually heaves a big sigh of relief when he sees his charges on solid ground again, but even then he has the difficult job of unpacking them—but that is another story.

Two Distinguished Service Crosses posthumously awarded to Lieutenant Alan Fairlie Kyle and Sub-Lieutenant Gregory Wade Benham of the Royal Australian Navy have directed attention to the most hush-hush show in the Pacific War.

Months before hostilities began, they and other suitable men were selected and asked to volunteer for special duty in the event of war with the Japanese. They were warned that the job would require steely nerves and cold courage. They were to be spies, jungle scouts, radio experts. They were the Coastwatchers.

#### Lone Workers

When the Japanese swept south, the Coastwatchers quietly went into action. They moved in to their chosen hide-outs—hollow logs, coral outcrops, lonely eyries all through the numerous islands of the Melanesian archipelago. They worked alone. They knew that a mistake meant torture or death. They received little or no promotion; their existence was "officially" ignored. But the coded messages that stuttered from their hidden radios were miraculously thorough. These men were relentlessly hunted, always in flight, but they got their information through concerning troop concentrations, ship movements, and plane departures.

#### By Walkie-Talkie

There was Leigh Vial of the R A A F, a thin, dark-faced young man, who for seven months sat in a hollow log above Salamaua in New Guinea and called the outbound Japanese planes like a race commentator. He could be heard on his powerful walkie-talkie set: "Golden Voice talking. Golden Voice. Eighteen bogies south south-west . . ." Every one grew to love Golden Voice. Then there was Jack Riley of the Navy, who dived into a river to evade a Japanese patrol. They stuck to him, and for four days he swam down the river with only his nose above water, finally eluding the enemy.

## Another Link With Holland

THE townsfolk of Alkmaar in Holland have offered to reconstruct the blitzed garden of Queen Street, Bath, and the offer has been accepted. Alkmaar was "adopted" by Bath during the war, and the citizens of the Dutch town have chosen this beautiful way of showing their gratitude and friendship.

This will be another link in the floral chain of friendship between the Dutch and British peoples started last year—and described in the CN—when the Royal Netherlands Navy proposed to plant each year in the naval gardens at Dartmouth, Greenwich, Devonport, Portsmouth, and Chatham enough Dutch flowers to blossom in perpetuity in commemoration of the great years of comradeship.

## SNOW HOLIDAY IN SWEDEN



Monica Wahlgren, a Swedish maiden of the snows



A shelter of skis makes a good windbreak for a rest

Swedish schoolboys and girls have been lucky this term. In February they all had a week's holiday to make the most of the fine winter weather in ski-ing and tobogganing. Those seen here were some of 50, aged 14 and 15, who stayed at Tyresta, a tourist camp near Stockholm, where there were instructors to teach them to ski.

## BASEBALL IN A BALLOON

BALTIMORE and Maryland have a truly American idea for their War Memorial. It is to be an indoor Stadium of 13 acres, big enough to permit any game from lawn tennis to baseball.

Its most remarkable feature is to be its dome rising 170 feet above the playing field. The dome is to be of aluminium, chosen because of its lightness. The outer walls supporting it will be of concrete, the dome rising above out of a sealed pressure ring. The dome will be mainly supported by air pressure, applied by a system of ventilating fans, so that the dome will be blown upwards like a balloon. The upward pressure will be about 9 lbs a square foot or one ounce to the square inch, so slight that spectators and players below will not be inconvenienced by it; instead they will not notice this addition to the ordinary air pressure, of nearly 15 lbs to the square inch. They will in fact be inside a stationary balloon.



## ALL EYES ON NEW YORK

THE men in whose keeping lies the future peace of the world are meeting for their second conference, this time in New York. They form the Security Council of the United Nations and can be called together whenever vital international problems arise for consideration.

The Secretary-General of Uno, Mr Trygve Lie, flew to America last week to prepare for the meetings between the representatives of America, Britain, China, France, and Russia (permanent), Australia, Brazil, Egypt, Mexico, the Netherlands, and Poland (non-permanent member States).

In Mr Lie's farewell to the British people were phrases of wider import, as when he appealed to us "to give to this great work of peace the same courage, perseverance, and right-mindedness with which you defeated the Axis." There were, he declared, obstacles everywhere to the creation of the decent kind of world which humanity demanded. It was a time for everyone of us to devote

all his intelligence and energy to helping his fellow men.

The chief obstacle of which all the nations were thinking when Mr Lie spoke was Russia's failure to withdraw her troops from Persia by March 2, thus breaking her 1942 Treaty with Persia and Britain, and also the Three - Power Declaration at Teheran in 1943.

The situation had been discussed in London by the Security Council, which left the matter for Persia and Russia to settle between themselves, but retained the right to ask for a report. The visit to Moscow of Qavam-es-Sultaneh, Persia's Prime Minister, failed to secure a settlement, so Persia asked for the question to be raised again before the Security Council.

## Bornholm is Danish Again

THE Russians are leaving Bornholm, and the Danes can breathe a sigh of relief to have their sparkling little island once again under Danish control.

Bornholm is about the size of Middlesex, and is quite a long way from Denmark, as Danish distances go. Unlike the Danish mainland and the important large island of Zealand, on which Copenhagen stands, and the other Danish islands, Bornholm is high and rocky, a natural fortress. It occupies a strategic position in the Baltic, between Denmark, Sweden, and Germany, and when, after the German capitulation, the local commander refused to surrender, the Russians occupied the island on May 11 last year.

Now the Danes are able to take over for themselves the administration of the island fortress.

Bornholm is an island of great charm, with its high, glittering white cliffs, its romantic heaths, its pleasant farms, and its delightful little capital of Rønne. Here in the summertime yachtsmen, many of them from Britain, used to come holiday-making, despite the tricky coast. And never were holiday-makers made more welcome.

The island has a population of about 41,000; and it has one important industry, china clay, which goes to the world-famous Royal Danish Porcelain Factory in Copenhagen. It has coal and marble, too. But most of all, it has "character."

## A PILLAR OF OUR COMMONWEALTH

HAVING served his nation for nearly eleven years as High Commissioner for Canada in London, Mr Vincent Massey is retiring and going back to his dear homeland.

Mr Massey was already distinguished in world affairs when he came to us, for he was the first Minister to represent Canada in a foreign legation, that set up in Washington after the Dominions had become equal in status to Great Britain.

The whole world has known of the firm brotherhood between the land of the Maple Leaf and the Mother Country, especially through dark years of war, and

Mr Massey has played no small part in its strengthening. He and Mrs Massey entered wholeheartedly into our national life, and shared our perils.

Mr Massey is fond of the arts, and for three years he was chairman of the Trustees of our National Gallery. But by many he will be remembered best for what he did for the Canadian forces in Britain, helping to make them feel at home in a land of blood brothers, and establishing service clubs such as the Beaver Club.

For such men as Mr Vincent Massey no praise can be too high.

## What is a National Park?

ALL lovers of rural Britain will be interested in what Mr Clough Williams-Ellis had to say about National Parks when he spoke at the Royal Society of Arts in London the other day.

The term "National Parks," said Mr Williams-Ellis, seemed to be interpreted by some townspeople as meaning limited enclosures surrounded by walls or spiked railings, and with gates that were locked from sunset to dawn.

The speaker's idea of a National Park—and it will be that of all who interpret the term in its broader sense—was wild and

beautiful tracts of country, of at least 200 square miles, protected from change by special Acts of Parliament.

Mr Williams-Ellis thought that, among the many parts of rural Britain which deserved to be declared as National Parks, the Lake District, the Peak and Dovedale, the North Yorkshire moors, the Pembroke coast, part of the Cornish coast, Exmoor and Dartmoor, and Snowdonia, had a high priority.

For our part, we could add many more—the Chilterns, the Cotswolds, and the Mendips, for instance.

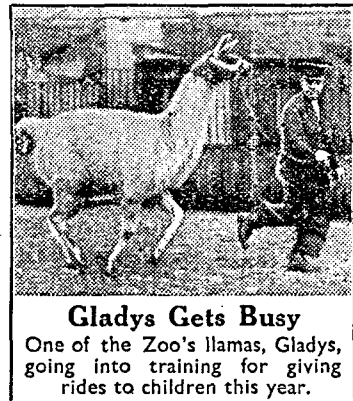
## India's Choice

THE British Cabinet Mission have flown to India to talk with India's political leaders.

A unique task lies before the Ministers of this Mission, Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Sir Stafford Cripps, and Mr A. V. Alexander, for they have not gone to bargain for any control over what used to be called "The brightest jewel in Britain's crown," but to help India to decide on how she will in future rule herself.

Mr Attlee, in his speech in Parliament on the eve of the Mission's departure, made this very clear when he said of India: "Is it any wonder if today she claims that as a nation of 400 million people that has twice sent her sons to die for freedom she should herself have freedom to decide her own destiny?"

He hoped that the peoples of India will choose to remain within the British Commonwealth, but he stressed that they are quite free to become a separate state. The responsibility for India's future rests on her own political leaders. Britain has nobly played her part.



## INKY FINGERS FOR GREEK VOTERS

THE Greeks, a nation more politically divided among themselves than perhaps any other in Europe, are this week facing the prospect of their general election with feelings not unmixed with suspicion. Many of them fear there may be trickery at the polling booths.

Among the forms of cheating often practised at Greek elections in the past was that of one person—entitled of course to only one vote—voting twice or more for the same candidate. To guard against this in the coming election the authorities have ordered that each person as he records his vote shall dip his finger into indelible ink, so that if he should try to vote again the ink stain will betray him. To remove indelible ink stains is not easy, and it is hoped that by the time a would-be double voter has done so the election will be over.

Show fingers! will be the rule at the polling booths and the inky-fingered will be ejected—as they deserve.

Allied officials, mostly British, French, and American, will watch the polling.

## SPEEDING UP

A NEW artificial silk machine has been invented in Russia which can spin, process, dry, and roll the thread. Fifty-five feet long, it does the work of five ordinary machines, and in a single hour can produce enough artificial silk to make 100 pairs of stockings.

## WORLD NEWS REEL

**COST OF AN ARMY.** The British Army of Occupation in Germany costs £65,000,000 a year in pay and allowances.

A new culture which doubles the rate of production of penicillin has been developed by scientists at Wisconsin University, U.S.A. Its secret has been offered to producers for the good of mankind.

Mr Hoover, Chairman of President Truman's Famine Emergency Committee, said recently that his committee hope to provide an additional 7 million tons of cereals for Europe and Asia in the next four months.

**RUST REMOVER.** Moscow radio reports that a Russian woman scientist, Kira Putilova, has discovered a fluid which completely and speedily removes rust from metal.

The first ship carrying fare-paying passengers to leave Southampton since 1939 recently sailed for New York. She was the Swedish-America liner Gripsholm and had on board twice her normal number of passengers.

Unrra in February shipped 1,239,400 tons of supplies to the liberated countries—more than in any previous month.

**RED SANDSTORM.** Vast clouds of dust and sand assuming a red colour because of the sun behind them, terrified some superstitious Egyptians in Cairo recently. They thought the end of the world had come.

The two famous Swedish runners, Arne Anderson and Gundar Haegg, have lost their amateur status. Their world records no longer count.

Every member of the Amsterdam orchestra which visited London bought a bicycle to take home.

**GOOD CUSTOMER.** Iraq has recently placed in Britain orders to the value of more than £4,000,000.

Denmark is sending us 120 million eggs this year.

A shilling stamp issued in New Brunswick in 1851 was sold for £120 at a recent London sale.

The Allied Control Council has returned 100 church bells looted by the Germans in France, Belgium, and Holland.

**NEW GERMAN SAUSAGE.** A German factory is producing synthetic sausages. They are said to taste like liver sausage but to be more nourishing.

## HOME NEWS REEL

**THE LITTLE BORE.** What is claimed to be the smallest tube in the world, made by Tube Investments engineering industries at Birmingham, has an outside diameter of .006 inches and an inside bore of .0035 inches.

Sweets will be rationed until 1949 at least, according to Mr Alan F. Stephenson of the National Union of Retail Confectioners.

All executive officers of the Royal Navy will in future be taught to fly.

**SMALL BUT SAFE.** During February in Rutland no one was killed on the roads.

Britain had 674,592 Civil Servants at the end of 1945.

Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, the Stalky of Kipling's famous school story, *Stalky and Co.*, has died at the age of 80 after a most distinguished and adventurous military career.

**BREADWINNING.** According to Dr Edith Summerskill, M.P., the saving by everyone in the country of half a slice of bread a day would amount in a year to 250 million two-pound loaves.

## YOUTH NEWS REEL

**SUCCESSFUL SALVAGE.** Each United States Boy Scout who collected over 2000 pounds of waste paper in a recent salvage drive was presented with the Eisenhower Medal, named after the great general who inspired the campaign in which Scouts collected over 300,000 tons of paper. Recently the general was presented with a gold replica of the medal.

The Scout Silver Cross has been awarded to Ronald Nash, of the 1st Weybridge Troop. Through Ronald's good work the life of a boy was saved, and other children were brought to safety when fire broke out at the Surrey County Council Home, Addlestone.

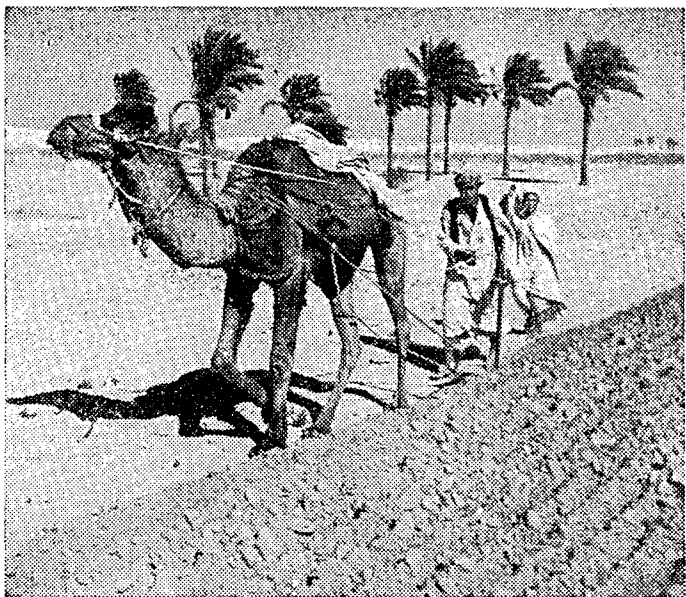
Princess Elizabeth is to visit Nottingham on Tuesday, April 2, during the City's Youth Week.

When the Japanese invaded Hong Kong a priest of a neutral country hid the uniforms of the 16th Hong Kong Scout Troop. Thanks to his kindly action the present members of the Troop have complete uniforms.

**KEEN NCOs.** Nearly 600 senior Boys Brigaders recently took part in the London District Examination for the NCO's Proficiency Certificate. The highest position was gained by a sergeant of the 1st Slough Boys Brigade.

Scouts of Abercorn in Northern Rhodesia are taking an active part in the campaign against locusts by keeping watch in areas where it is believed the insects will lay their eggs.





### Egypt's Ancient Plough

Farmers beside the Nile still scorn modern agricultural machinery and use the camel-drawn plough, fitted with various home-made gadgets, which served their forefathers in the days of the Pharaohs.

### Stars of Honour

FIRST the ribbons, then the medals—that is the order for military decorations.

The Royal Mint and the Royal Ordnance Factory at Woolwich have begun to make the eight Campaign medals—the 1939-45, Atlantic, Air Crew Europe, Africa, Pacific, Burma, Italy, and France and Germany stars—but it may be a year before they are issued to those entitled to them.

These eight Stars are being struck in a metal of yellow copper-zinc. The stars have six points, with the Royal Imperial Cipher in the centre, and a crown and the title above.

### GOLDFISH AT THE COALMINE

UNUSUAL members of the staff at Comrie Colliery, in Fife, are three goldfish, probably the biggest in Scotland. When they started work ten years ago they were of normal size, but they have grown fat on their job, and are now 10 inches long and weigh 1½ lbs each.

The winding-engine at the pit uses water from a fountain, and the flow has to be kept clear of sediment. The work of the goldfish is to eat up vegetation, and thus prevent sediment from gathering.

### VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

THE village schoolmaster is frequently far more than just a teacher of the young. His influence on the life of the community extends beyond school hours.

Such a benefactor is Mr Tom Seed, for twenty-seven years headmaster of the Esher Church of England School, who is to retire at Easter.

This Surrey village schoolmaster has devoted his whole life to the teaching and welfare of youth. He has produced school concerts, formed a junior dramatic society, was a great figure in the local Scouts. Perhaps Mr Seed's proudest achievement was the Esher Mystical Players, who have performed a Biblical play at St Margaret's, Westminster, among other places.

All honour to Britain's Tom Seeds.

### WATCHDOG ON WHEELS

AN almost lifelong reader of the CN went the other day to the house next door to ask a favour. Her maid was out for the day, and she herself had to run up to town, so would her neighbour kindly take her bread in for her?

"Certainly, but as you've got your car at the door, couldn't you call at the baker's on your way?" she was asked. "By no means," said she. "I'm going by train. The car is there as a watchdog; nobody will dream that a house with a car at the front door is unoccupied."

### Ground Hog Day

A FRIEND in America sends us a Weather Saw which, though rather late, corresponds with the English one about Candlemas Day. It turns on the "ground hog," a furry creature which sleeps all the winter. On February 2 he is supposed to come up and to survey the land. If he sees his own shadow he flees back to his burrow for another six weeks—which means the same as our Candlemas Day—"bright and warm." But if he does not see his shadow, then the winter is nearly over.

Ground Hog Day is firmly believed in along the east coast of the Atlantic, though how it came to correspond with our legend that

"If Candlemas Day be bright and warm  
The half of winter is yet to come."

no one can be sure.

But this year, writes our American friend, it seems to have come true on the Atlantic coast.

### A GIFT FROM THE MINERS

FIVE hundred miners working at Thrybergh Hall Colliery, Yorkshire, have unanimously agreed to allot a portion of the home coal allowed to each of them by the colliery owners during the year to all the old and needy people of the village of Kilnhurst. About 150 households will benefit by this generosity, and will receive the coal on the same terms as the miners for the cost of delivery.

### THAT TON OF COAL

WHILE the Coal Board is thinking of coal in millions of tons the consumer may pause to think of it by the ton.

The ton in the mine has been sadly whittled down before it reaches his coal-cellar, or the bunkers of the power station and the gasworks. If the miner, picking his best, sends up a ton a day, four hundred-weight of it will be consumed by the railway in bringing it to town.

There are other pickings, too. The fans and the pumps at the pits have to be fed with coal; so have the water coolers, the coal crackers, the coal scales, and there or elsewhere the machines for coal handling, ash handling, and automatic stoking.

In short, all of us share a common coal-cellar, which is the coal underground, and all must share as best we can the cuts in it without complaining.

### April Fooling

ON the morning of first of April most children play little tricks on people, but as a rule they do not know why the merry little custom is practised. Neither does anyone else, for its origin has become lost in the mists of time.

All Fools Day is observed in many lands. In France an April fool is called an April fish, perhaps because a young spring fish can be caught easily, and in Scotland the victim is an April "gowk" (meaning cuckoo). Even in faraway India the old custom is observed, an April fool in that country being called "a Huli fool."

While April 1 is a day for practical jokes, it has a more serious significance for business people, particularly for public authorities; for April 1 marks the beginning of their financial year, when new accounts are opened. A few days later—on the sixth of April, to be precise—the Income Tax year begins, as all taxpayers know.

### ROPE RESCUE

THE other day Mr H. E. Jobson, a coastguard in the Bridlington area, hearing that a bull terrier was trapped on a ledge of a steep, 200-foot-high cliff at Sowerby, was lowered 30 feet down the face of the cliff and rescued the dog, which was hauled up by a rope, unharmed.

### The Poet's Pistols

IT is a fine tribute to the law-abiding character of British citizens that there should have been so widespread a response to the Home Secretary's appeal for the handing-in of war weapons; and there comes to mind the name of one great man who might have been very reluctant to surrender his arms; none other than Alexander Pope, the poet.

After Pope had published *The Dunciad*, bitterly ridiculing a number of his literary rivals, he was warned that if he walked out alone he might be murdered in revenge. He replied that he always carried pistols. "With pistols," he said, "the least man in England is above a match for the largest!"

Pope was among the smallest men in England; his pistols were among the biggest!

### An Annual Visit to Mother

IT was the pleasant custom in the days of our ancestors for grown-up children, living away from home, to visit their mothers on the fourth Sunday in Lent. Accordingly, this Sunday (which falls this year on March 31) is known as Mothering Sunday.

The son or daughter usually took a small present, while mother, for her part, prepared an elaborate cake in honour of her visitors. These cakes are still known as simnel cakes, the name being derived, some say, from the Latin word "simila," meaning fine flour, though others have claimed that Lambert Simnel, pretender to the throne in Henry VII's reign, had something to do with it.

An old writer thus describes these cakes: "They are raised cakes, the crust of which is made from fine flour and water, with sufficient saffron to give it a deep yellow colour, and the interior is filled with the materials of a very rich plum cake, with plenty of candied lemon peel, and other good things. They are made up very

stiff, tied up in a cloth, and boiled for several hours, after which they are brushed over with egg and then baked."

An old Shropshire story explains the ingredients of the simnel cake. Simon and Nelly, an aged couple, expecting visits from their children on Mothering Sunday, decided to prepare a cake from dough left over from Lent, and from the puddings left over from Christmas. But, being unable to decide whether the confection should be boiled or baked, they quarrelled violently over it, breaking some eggs in the process. They settled the matter by deciding to boil it first and bake it afterwards, and to avoid wasting the broken eggs they brushed them over the crust before it was baked.

The cake thus produced became known as the Simon and Nelly cake—later abbreviated to Sim-Nel. But however the cake originated, the custom it commemorates might well be revived in these days—or at any rate as soon as the rich ingredients are more plentiful.

### BOY BUILDERS

BOYS have helped to build a temporary church at Eltham inside the roofless walls of the old church of St Barnabas, which was burnt out by fire bombs in 1944. Boys from 12 years of age worked with men aged up to 80 to erect the new building which they call Little St Barnabas.

### A Grand Old Lady

ONE of the few people who has lived to be over a hundred is Mrs Harriet Rainbird of Brentwood, Essex, who celebrated her 107th birthday recently. At this grand age she still does her "bit" by choosing the hymns and lessons for the Sunday evening church service. She has 13 step-grandchildren, whose ages total 800.

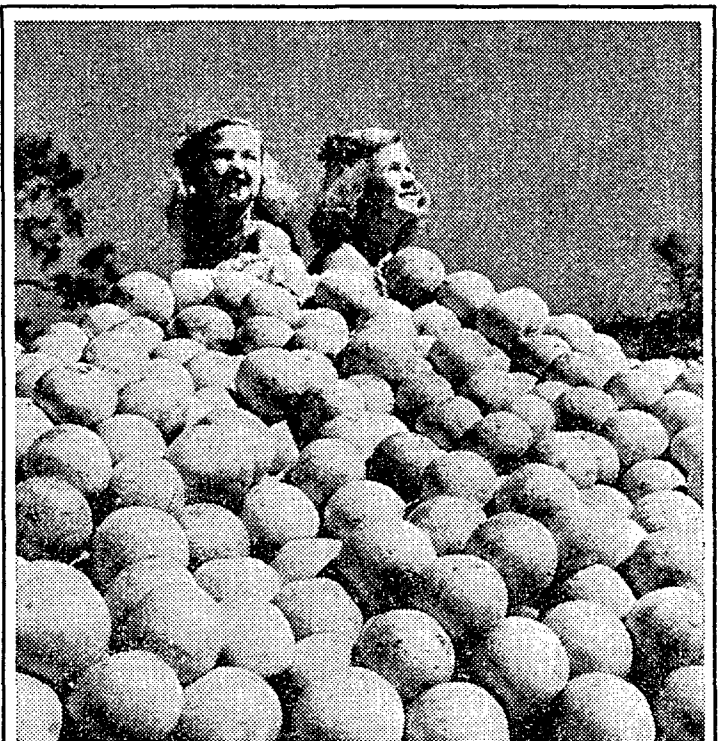
### OAKS OF MEMORY

IN Windsor Great Park, overlooked by the stately towers of Windsor Castle, nine red oak trees have been planted in the form of a cross.

They are to be an everlasting reminder of the wartime effort made by rural Britain in raising nearly £9,000,000 for the Red Cross Agricultural Fund.

A plaque has been placed amid the cross of oaks, and upon it these lines, selected by the King, have been inscribed:

*Through God's great grace,  
through strength of English Oak,  
We have preserved our faith,  
our Throne, our Land;  
Now, with our freedom saved  
from tyrant's yoke,  
We plant these trees. Remember  
why they stand!*



### Bitter Sweet

In sunny Florida, where there is no lack of citrus fruits, these happy young twins make a sweet background to a sour subject.





### For Little People

At an exhibition at Corner Hall Junior School, Crabtree Lane, Hemel Hempstead, suggested designs of furniture for juniors were on view. These little tables are interlocking and the lightweight chairs can be easily carried about by the children.

## ANOTHER ISLAND POPS UP

IN the Pacific, about 200 miles from the Japanese mainland, a small island has appeared as the result of an underwater volcano. A great column of smoke and steam was seen out at sea, and planes investigating it found a large rock where none had been before. It was 50 feet high and still growing bigger, while from it a cloud of steam and sulphurous smoke rose several hundred feet. For some time the newborn rock was much too hot for any boat to approach close to it.

The sudden appearance—and disappearance—of small islands is not uncommon in the Pacific. In 1927 an island overgrown with trees and flowers suddenly vanished in the South China Sea. Originally thrown up by an earthquake, it had disappeared

in another disturbance in the sea-bed. It had existed for many years, and was said to have been the headquarters of a pirate.

In the Mediterranean in 1831, at a point between Sicily and the African coast, the sea began to boil, clouds of steam arose, followed by an island 200 feet high, composed of cinders and ashes. It was named Graham's Island by the British. But its life was short, for the sea washed away the cinders, leaving only a shoal.

Christmas Island in the Indian Ocean appeared in the same way, and last year, as recorded in the C.N., two big islands appeared off the shores of Baluchistan. Even Mount Etna, in Sicily, is thought to have begun its long history as the result of a volcano in a Mediterranean bay.

## From a Cottage Above Loch Leven

ON March 27 just 200 years ago a boy named Michael Bruce was born in a hillside village in Kinross-shire. He was destined to live only 21 years, but in that brief span to write verse which will keep his name evergreen in our literary annals.

Michael was the fifth child of a hand-loom weaver living in Kinnesswood on the slopes above lovely Loch Leven where, as he later wrote: *The twilight trembles o'er the misty hills, Twinkling with dew.*

He was a delicate lad, but imaginative and quick to learn; and he grew up with a deep love both for the woods and wild life about his home and for the Bible which was the unfailing guide and solace of his devout parents.

Michael Bruce began his schooling when only three, and before he was 11 was studying Latin with a view to becoming a minister. A small legacy enabled the father to send his promising son to Edinburgh University, and it was there probably that he began to flutter his poetical wings.

He had a brief term as schoolmaster at Forest Mill, near Alloa, but, alas, consumption already gripped him, and he grew weaker every day. Knowing full well that his days were numbered, he went back to the scenes of his childhood above the waters of Loch Leven. There, after a few

weeks spent in writing his poems into one big book, he passed away, dying on July 5, 1767, in the cottage where he was born—the cottage at Kinnesswood which was bought some years ago as a permanent memorial to this young Scottish poet.

Since his death much controversy has surrounded Michael Bruce's poetry, chiefly arising from the fact that a companion of his University days, by name John Logan, later published some of the verse under his own name. It is a controversy into which we need not here enter. Sufficient is it that Michael Bruce's fame is secure for all time as the man who wrote lyrics like the beautiful Ode to the Cuckoo (Hail, beauteous Stranger of the Wood!) and Gospel Sonnets which are still used in Scottish churches and still comfort Scots the world over.

### Italy's Elections

THE first free elections held in Italy for 26 years took place not long ago. They were the elections for the local councils, similar to our municipal elections. Women voted for the first time in Italy's history, and among them many nuns. The chief parties were the Catholic Christian Democrats and the Communists. Italy's first free General Election since Mussolini's downfall will be on May 26.

## A Kind Heart Goes All the Way

KOOS, who is Dutch and lived under the Germans for five years, is working hard in Germany for Unrra. But when she had a day's holiday she chose to spend it to bring relief—not material relief, but relief of mind—to a German father and mother.

Koos hitch-hiked 62 miles to a little town south of Munich to tell this couple that she had had to hand their son over as a prisoner-of-war in the American zone, but that he was safe and well. The parents were, of course, delighted at the news, but found it difficult to believe that a Dutch girl should have used her holiday to come over specially to give it to them, and, naturally, they made her very welcome. When she left they offered her some cheese—their whole month's ration.

"No, thank you," said Koos. But she saw how much they wanted to give her something, so she asked for an apple instead, as they seemed to have plenty. So they made up a parcel of apples for her to take back to Munich—and when she opened it later, the cheese was there!

This German couple could not do too much to show gratitude to this thoughtful Dutch girl.

## THOUSANDS GOING TO AUSTRALIA

THE young lady in the picture, three-year-old Carol Hall of Whetstone, is excited at the prospect of a new home in the land of kangaroos and koala bears—doubtless she has heard, too, that there is more sunshine there. She is holding the application forms which her mother has filled in for a passage to Australia under the new



scheme for emigration worked out between the Australian and British Governments.

Under this scheme Service men and women and their families wishing to settle in Australia will be allowed to travel free; other persons, if over 19 years of age will pay only £10, if between 14 and 18, £5.

There has been an eager response to the scheme in Britain and many thousands have already applied. Owing to the shortage of shipping it is not expected that the emigrants can begin to leave before the end of this year.

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

### WITH HEART AND HAND

MR CHURCHILL has been speaking to the people of America as only he can, for he is admired and honoured throughout that vast country. In Miami a father lifted up his little girl to look at the familiar figure waving to the crowds, "Look," he said to the child, "there is the greatest man in the world."

That child will probably never forget that sudden peep, and in years to come will talk about it to her own children. Neither will the people of Virginia, so close to us in history and tradition, forget Mr Churchill's words about America and Britain being linked in "a union of hearts based upon conviction and common ideals."

MOST of us in the United Kingdom would like to see our two countries linked in a close union of friendship. War among those who speak the English tongue is unthinkable. There are too many lovely and precious things at stake for us ever to allow differences to grow into open disputes.

The English-speaking peoples have still to show many parts of the world what true freedom is—the freedom which allows men to say what they think without fear of being arrested. There is much to be done still in making it clear to the world that ordinary men and women stand equal before the law, a truth founded on the faith that all men are equally children of God.

AMERICA and Britain, although divided by the Atlantic, are comrades in "heart and hand." Their frontiers on that ocean are as free and secure as the land frontier between the United States and Canada. Neither has the wish to be an aggressor or a master over men. Both desire wholeheartedly the co-operation of all the world's peoples in making Uno a living practical reality.

Together we can, in Mr Churchill's words, be as "a beacon shining through the mists and storms," guiding any other people into safe harbour. But it means for us in Britain and America patience in understanding, courage in action, and a belief in one another. Our common heritage bids us hold that the best things are yet to be, that the future we live for is not gloomy but bright with the light of hope.

THIS confidence is ours because both nations, whatever their failings, are at heart Christian countries. Together we may, in Tennyson's words,

*Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.*

### Like the Knights of Old

IN the days of knights, castles, moats, and drawbridges the chivalrous young man would urge his dusty steed on the road which led to a fair maiden whose hand he sought in marriage.

In these days of high-speed motor-cars and planes the knight, the steed, and the lady behind the battlements seem remote. Yet the picture has appeared again in 1946—and in reality.

The other day Hugh Algernon Percy, tenth Duke of Northumberland, rode for four days on his black hunter more than a hundred miles from Alnwick, Northumberland, to a castle in Dumfriesshire to propose to Lady Elizabeth Diana, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch.

The young duke, who served his country well with the Northumberland Hussars in Crete and Libya, evidently believes in the spirit of chivalry and old-time romance, which is refreshing in these matter-of-fact days.

### CHIMNEY PIECE

A C.N. reader writes to tell us of a chimney that is taller than the factory chimney at Rhodes (the Colossus of Rhodes) which we stated "is believed to be the tallest in the country."

Her father, she writes, is engaged upon the construction of a chimney for the City of Bradford Electricity Department, and this is already 327 feet high and will have a height of 350 feet when finished.

We are very grateful to the little lady who sends this information; and we cannot help thinking how glad Father Christmas must be that he doesn't have to come down either chimney.

## Under the E



PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO  
KNOW

If short legs run  
in some families

MOST seaside landladies expect you to get your lunch out. We prefer to take ours in.

MOTOR tyres are still difficult to get. Not enough rubber to go round.

SINGING requires physical strength. You have to lift your voice.

IT is a long while since Southend had a jolly day, says the Mayor. But not a jolly long while.

A VILLAGE doctor has been organising races for children. Everybody runs for the doctor.

A GIRL says she wants to know horses from all angles. If she feeds them well they won't have many.

FLOWERS are sent from the Scilly Isles by air. Their prices go up too.



## THINGS SAID

THE last of the temporary houses erected after the Fire of London (1666) was removed in the 1930's.

*Lord Llewellyn*

WE must trust the sense of humour of the British people.

*The Home Secretary*

NEVER mind about the good wishes—let's get on with my porridge.

*Mrs Havers, of Leytonstone, on her 106th birthday*

NUMBER 10, Downing Street, is a tied cottage and I would say that there are at least 600 applicants in the House of Commons waiting for it.

*The Earl of Portsmouth*

GIVEN time we shall put Germany right, but we still have to get a change of heart.

*Field-Marshal Montgomery*

## What Father is Paying For

LOCAL Government authorities have fixed the rates which they will levy during the financial year beginning on April 1, and in many parts of the country the rates have been increased.

We may hear people talking about them, and perhaps indulging in an Englishman's grumble if they have gone up. The reason for these increased rates is the extra cost of education, new houses, road repairs, increased salaries of teachers and other public servants, and all the accumulation of necessary public work which six years of war has delayed.

British ratepayers are now called upon to pay for two things: the legacies of war, and a better Britain.

## Editor's Table

SOME people like to paint flowers. We prefer them in their natural colours.

A MAN says his horse will do anything for him. Won't contradict him.

BUS conductors are usually sociable. People get on with them.



A man says he has sat on many committees. We hope this one will not sit on him.

## Remembering a Great Sportsman

IN the Yorkshire village of Rawdon, many years ago, there was a youth learning to bowl. He was destined to play cricket many times for his country and, when the call came, to lay down his life for her. His name was Hedley Verity.

This superb bowler of Yorkshire, who tested and often triumphed over the world's best batsmen, last played on the Rawdon cricket ground in 1941 when he was on leave from the Army, and he took all ten wickets for 51 runs.

The people of Rawdon are determined that their great and gallant cricketer shall not be forgotten. They are raising £2000 to build a Hedley Verity memorial pavilion on the very ground which served as Verity's nursery—a fitting tribute to a man whose name and deeds, in peace and war, deserve undying remembrance in that peaceful Yorkshire countryside.

## SPRINGTIME

I LIKE to lie  
And watch the crowds  
Of little clouds  
Go sailing by.

High on a hill  
I lie, and hear  
The birds sing clear,  
If I am still.

When I look down,  
The sheep I see,  
Each lamb and tree,  
And field and town.

The flowers, too,  
So full of grace,  
Each lifts a face  
To skies of blue.

The friendly sun  
Looks down each Spring  
At everything  
And everyone.

*11-year-old Petrina Burrell*

## All Change

IT is good news for railway travellers that the golden-voiced announcers on the GWR system are to be retained.

These girls were recruited during the war to make train announcements over loud-speaker systems at important railway stations, and more girls are being trained for the work.

The clarity of their voices gives no excuse for misunderstanding such as befell the bewildered passenger of the old jingle:

*Oh, Mr Porter  
What shall I do?  
I wanted to go to Birmingham  
And they sent me on to Crewe.*

Gone—or going—are the days when a list of stopping-places called out at almost any English railway station sounded as unintelligible as any Englishman's attempt at one of those long, descriptive Welsh names.

## JUST AN IDEA

*As Abraham Lincoln said,  
Suspicion and jealousy never did  
help any man in any situation.*

## THE PICCANINNY SHOW

AFRICANS like baby shows just as much as our people, and one of the most popular events in the Central African Copper Belt is the annual show, when 800 babies with their mothers, and many fathers, swarm through the gates of the medical centre at Ndola, to compete for the prizes. The 1945 show has just been held, and it has been described to a CN correspondent by Mrs Hope Hay, of the Copper Belt Mission.

There were three African clerks at the gates (says Mrs Hay), sorting out the mob, registering and issuing competitors' tickets. Once through the gates, the mothers took their babies to the judges.

The judges looked at each child, and those who had been passed were then re-examined, credit being given to healthy shining skin, build and bearing. Twelve were at last selected



**Bechuanaland Baby**

from each section, and put on the lawn in front of the clinic, where the final judging took place in comparative peace.

The African Mines Brass Band was playing with gusto, while little uninvited ragamuffins massed in front of it, singing, marching, dancing native dances which they somehow managed to fit to the hymn-tune music, whooping with delight.

Tea and buns were served to all the mothers and fathers, and hot sausages to the children. It was an uproarious occasion, full of fun. One small child (eventually a First prizewinner) was very annoyed at having to be undressed, because he was wearing a new shirt and a new pair of trousers bought specially for the occasion. As his mother took off his shirt he pulled on his trousers again, and as she removed his trousers he tried to put on his shirt.

## The Lone Father

Little twin boys of about two were accompanied by a proud father whose wife was too shy even to attend. Undaunted, he took his place among the 799 mothers, undressed and dressed the little boys, saw to their tea, and finally brought them up for a consolation prize, a bright new half-crown apiece.

The prizes were presented, each prizewinner was held up to be admired by the crowd, and everyone was thanked. Then, as evening thunder came on, the happy crowds went home, the prizewinners among them jubilant, and the rest, doubtless, consoling themselves with the thought that their children should have won prizes.

## A Genius of Many Moods

GOYA, born on March 30 just 200 years ago, is, after Velasquez and Murillo, the most famous name in Spanish Art.

His real name was Francisco Goya y Lucientes. Born in a little village near Saragossa, he began as a poor student under a Spanish painter and ended by being the spoiled darling of the Court.

The world knew nothing about Goya for many years. He wandered about southern Europe a great deal, making notes of all kinds of life, and in 1775 went to Madrid as a designer for a tapestry factory. For this it was necessary to paint a great many canvases, and these came to the notice of the king, Charles the Third, with the result that Goya was asked to paint portraits.

He painted a great many, but scorned to flatter the sitter, and one or two elderly ladies whose portraits are now famous must have been very angry with Goya.

Goya learned a few manners at Court, but he never learned to control his temper. One day he was asked to paint a portrait of the Duke of Wellington. The work began, and promised well, but one morning Goya, muttering to himself and striding about in front of the easel, was in a very bad temper. Wellington did not know this, and happened to make some remark which was evidently the last straw to Goya. He flung down his pencil, seized a plaster cast,



**Francisco Goya**

and hurled it at the Iron Duke.

Goya's art was at its best in portrait work. There are two little pictures in the National Gallery which show how he handled picnic scenes and scenes from a play, but they are not by the master hand that painted the portraits. He was certainly more a portrait painter than a designer; and he was even more an etcher than a painter.

It happened that soon after he went to Madrid he began to make etchings from Velasquez's paintings, and these are now among the treasures of Europe. He himself seemed to be uncertain what he was born to do. His genius was many-sided, and, apart from designing, portrait painting, and etching, he was a gifted musician. His drawing was rarely altogether sure; he could make dreadful blunders, but in his etchings of Spanish life and character he could be as satirical as Hogarth, and at the same time work on broader lines.

Goya was still working when he forsook Madrid for the pleasanter climate of Bordeaux where, in 1828, he died. In his last years there still burned something of the fire of his prime, and he must have felt, as far as an artist ever can, content in leaving so much good work behind when his life was done.

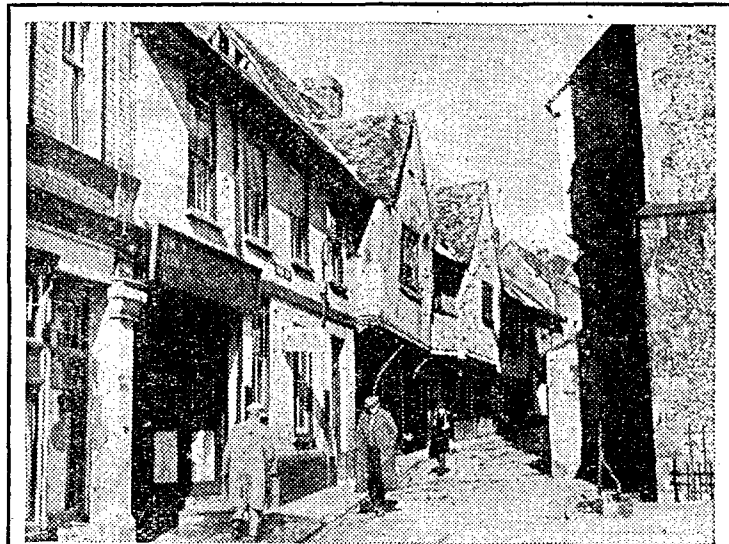
## THE BRAVEST DEED OF THE YEAR

CYRIL BROWN has been awarded the Royal Humane Society's Stanhope Gold Medal for the bravest deed of the year—and right well did he deserve it.

One day not very long ago, when storm and tempest were pounding the south coast of England, a landing-craft was being driven ashore by the heavy seas. Then a mammoth wave struck the craft, and cleared the deck of almost everything, including ten of the crew.

Shore observers saw two men huddled on the battered landing-

craft in a helpless condition, and a fireman named Cyril Brown, of Portland, wearing a lifebelt and carrying a line, went out and succeeded in boarding the craft. Then another tremendous wave came, broke the back of the vessel and swept over the would-be rescuer. Brown held fast, however, and after superhuman efforts he was able to throw out enough line to reach the two men. After forty minutes of heroic perseverance, the men were brought safely to land.



**THIS ENGLAND**

**Old houses at St Albans which are to be preserved**



## Albania Goes to School

THE small nation of Albania, which lies east of the Adriatic between Yugoslavia and Greece, has just declared itself a Republic. It is perhaps the least known country in Europe.

Before the war, very few people visited this little land; only officials and occasional adventurous students walked across the mountains. Englishwomen went hardly at all; but the two or three who did were enthralled by this country's charm.

Albania was one of the first European countries to be attacked by the Dictators. It was on Good Friday, 1939, that Mussolini sent his troops to enslave a free, brave, and independent people. At first, Albanian patriots could do little more than harass the enemy in occupation. Later, when the Allies were able to drop weapons and ammunition by parachute, Albanian partisans, men and women, fiercely engaged the German troops who had taken the place of the Italians. Soon afterwards, British soldiers were parachuted into the country, and it was then that the world heard about the vigour of her resistance.

### Severe Losses

Albania's casualty list was an appalling one. She suffered materially, too—towns and villages were destroyed, cattle slaughtered, granaries plundered, and large areas laid waste before the invader was finally expelled.

Now, at long last, Albania is beginning to recover. With the help of Unrra, her people are fed and clothed; and bridges are being repaired, schools rebuilt, hospitals equipped.

An Unrra official recently visited one of these schools. It was a tiny building only just big enough to contain its 48 pupils, whose ages ranged from 6 to 14. School attendance is

compulsory between those ages, and the schoolmaster explained that "most parents obeyed the law."

But Albania is a poor, hard-working country. Her peasants drag only their bare living from the earth; so if a parent can prove that he needs a child to work—to look after sheep, for instance—he can obtain exemption. In many villages, however, they arrange that one child shall look after the flocks of five or six families, so that as few as possible shall be kept from school.

### Oak-Apple Beads

The Premier of Albania is Enver Hoxha, the man who led the partisans. Fruits of his government are already visible in the district near Tirana, for 35 schools have now been opened where before the war there were only seven. Equipment is primitive. The children have paper and pens, but no paints or coloured chalks. In the school referred to the wire frame for teaching small children to count had been made by the schoolmaster himself, the wire being strung with oak apples instead of beads. This schoolmaster believed in practical education, too, for when the Unrra official was there all 48 children were outside trimming branches of trees to make into a hen house and thus learn how to keep hens clean and warm.

An Albanian boy of 16, who had been learning English for three months only, recently wrote a letter of thanks which ended: Unrra is like the sun, which, after the thunderstorm, warms nature with its beams.

## CNBOOKSHELF



### Irish Country Life

*The Cottage in the Bog, by Maura Laverty (Longmans, 6s).*

HERE is a book about lovable people in the countryside of Ireland—Essie, her brother Con, and their friend Mike, and a host of others, not forgetting Granda. But in the Big House nearby live some people who are, certainly, people of mystery.

A visit to Dublin, the hearing of a story of buried treasure, and how the boys found the treasure not far from their own home are all part of this exciting and amusing story of Irish life. Old Granda, still a mischievous boy at heart, is great fun.

### Living Colour

*Butterflies and Moths in Great Britain, by Vere Temple (Batsford, 12s 6d).*

BEAUTIFULLY produced, in keeping with its publisher's high standards, this book tells all that one can possibly wish to know about these creatures which flutter so gently and colourfully about our gardens and our countryside. The author writes with informal charm as well as with a great knowledge based on study and observation; and she has, in addition, illustrated the book with her own fine drawings in colour and line, and with many photographs.

### The Pony-Lovers

*I Wanted a Pony, by Diana Pullett-Thompson (Collins, 8s 6d).*

GIRLS and boys who love horses will enjoy reading about Augusta Thornedyke, an only child, who goes to stay with her three cousins. The cousins each have a pony, but poor Augusta has none, until—The story tells how she acquired, quite cheaply, a pony of doubtful worth and, by perseverance, made him into a prizewinning animal, and at the same time won the respect of her cousins, who had always thought her "queer."

### A Glorious Holiday

*They went to Sea, by Vera Barclay (Herbert Jenkins, 7s 6d).*

HERE is a foretaste of that seaside holiday to which we are all looking forward this summer. It is a story of four children spending a wonderful month in the Isle of Wight, learning all about many of the creatures that live in the sea and on the shore from a friendly naturalist and his son, a Mosquito pilot. Everyone who reads this book will know a great deal more about seashore life when his own holidays come along; but there is plenty of fun in the story, and this is equally true of the 60 illustrations.

### A State in the Making

*Soviet Russia, by Kathleen Gibberd (Royal Institute of International Affairs, 5s).*

THIS introduction to the USSR should prove of great value to all who desire to understand the origin and achievement of this vast and expanding State. Miss Gibberd has written a plain story without bias, leaving it to the reader to form his own judgment.

## Speeding-Up the Heavens

### MIRACLES IN A VAULTED DOME

Is London at last to have a Planetarium? Answering a question in the House of Commons recently the Minister of Town and Country Planning, Mr Silkin, said that the question of providing one is under consideration.

The name Planetarium is the least attractive thing about this remarkable instrument which, among other wonders, enables us to see in the space of a few minutes the movements of the heavenly bodies during a whole year. We prefer the simple name of Star House, given by Sir Alan Herbert to the vast domed building wherein the marvels are performed. But in spite of its name the Planetarium is very popular in any city lucky enough to possess one.

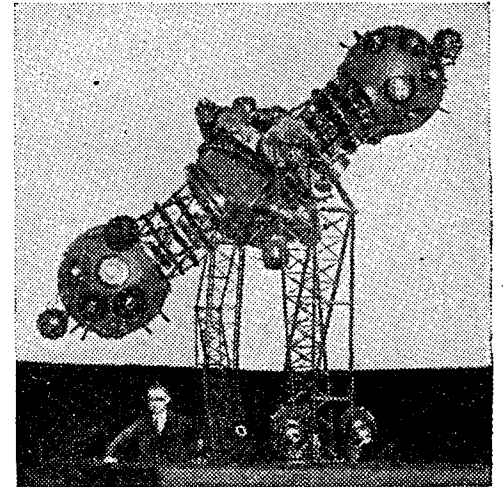
Before the war Germany had a dozen; France, too, had some; and America has several. When he was in Moscow some months ago the Astronomer Royal was told that nearly a million people visit the Soviet capital's Planetarium in a year.

The CN has described before how the Planetarium works. The "theatre" has a great vaulted dome and with the aid of a kind of super magic lantern, having many tiers of lenses and revolving like the big telescope of an observatory, images of the stars, planets, and other heavenly bodies appear on the dark bowl of the dome above. They can be made to move in any order, at any speed, and so to reproduce in hours, or even minutes, the actual movements of these bodies over days or years or even centuries.

The Planetarium can show indoors a reproduction of the sky as we ourselves see it on a clear, starry night. But, though we cannot see them move, we know by observation over a long period that the heavenly bodies are moving in an orderly way. The Astronomer in charge of the instrument can speed up these movements at will. In an hour he can show us the skies as they change in a fortnight so that the movement of the Moon among the stars is perceived, the changes in the position of the Sun, and the changes of the planets near the Sun. He can quickly show us a whole year's changes in the heavens; or he can run off 40 years, to show us the periods of

rotation of Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn and their periods of revolution and their changing positions relatively to the Earth's orbit.

On the Planetarium's dome the heavenly movements described in G. F. M.'s column can be brought to earth, as it were. On



The Wonderful Zeiss Planetarium

its artificial sky can be thrown every bright particular star that our eyes can commonly see. We can take a trip into the far-distant future, or we can dip into the past and see, for instance, a true picture of the skies when the Wise Men followed a star to Bethlehem.

### Star House For London

Ten years ago London almost had a Planetarium. The Halley Stewart Trust, in consultation with the Principal of the Science Museum, had a plan for erecting one at South Kensington. The instrument was to have come from Carl Zeiss of Jena, the famous German optical firm. But the scheme fell through owing to objections raised by Von Ribbentrop, who probably had in mind its value in training navigators.

The Astronomer Royal has now suggested that the Science Museum is the most appropriate site for London's Star House. It is also said that a London company may acquire an instrument from America for another proposed Planetarium.

A Star House would certainly be one of London's greatest attractions which no visitor to the Capital would wish to miss.

## HELIGOLAND A HALF-WAY HOUSE

THE renewed attack on Heligoland by our heavy bombers on the concrete pens, or shelters, that the Germans built for their submarines, has raised some doubts about its effect on Heligoland as a wild bird sanctuary.

This anxiety is groundless, because there is hardly any resident bird life there beyond a smallish colony of guillemots at its north end during the spring. They go off then and leave Heligoland, now an absolute desert of concrete blocks, which

no bird wants for a sanctuary.

Heligoland, in fact, has never been a sanctuary for birds, but only a sort of half-way house on which to take a rest in unfavourable weather. It is so used by the vast flocks that go over it along the path of their yearly migrations between South-West Europe and the Baltic and Scandinavia. But a naturalist with time to spare might usefully stop there during the migration period to study the very many kinds of birds that do pay this flying visit.

## BEDTIME CORNER

### DADDY'S DAY

WHEN Daddy in the morning goes To earn me such nice food and clothes, I go with him a little way, And then I leave him all the day.

I wonder what he finds to do All by himself the long day through, And how much better it would be If he would stay and play with me.

### The Ass and Its Skin

AN ass that had to work very hard and received a good many blows, called on

Jupiter to allow him to die to save him all further misery. "I would do what you ask," said Jupiter, "but do you know that if you die your skin will be made into drum-heads, and you will be beaten harder than ever?"

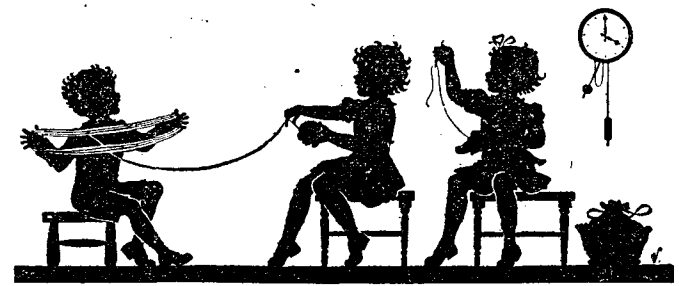
The ass had overlooked this, so he decided to remain as he was.

Discontent often leads from the frying-pan into the fire.

### Prayer

DEAR Jesus, let my good deeds shine forth to light the way to the Right, but of Thy mercy gather my bad deeds 'neath the shadow of Thy wing that they may point not the path to the Wrong. Amen

## MANY HANDS MAKE LIGHT WORK





The Children's Newspaper, March 30, 1946

# THE BOAT RACE AGAIN

THE Boat Race returns to its rightful place on the Thames on Saturday, when Oxford and Cambridge will meet again on the 4½-mile course from Putney to Mortlake.

Not since 1939, writes the C.N. Sportsman, has the Tideway welcomed the rival Blues, and, given fair weather, there will be the same happy crowds such as cheered their favourites on before the war. In those days enthusiasm was very evident, and there was much rivalry between the light Blue and dark Blue supporters.

Some of that old rivalry may have passed, but the keen interest in the race is still there. For several weeks there has been much comment on the lightness of the Oxford crew, and followers have blamed the lack of eggs, steaks, butter, and other foods which made the giants of yore. Cambridge supporters, however, have scoffed at this idea, and have pointed out that their favourites have actually put on weight!

## The light Dark Blues

Certain it is that the Oxford crew is the lightest one to row since 1905—Oxford are the light Blues this year—and their average of a mere 11½ stones has caused much wagging of heads among "wise old rivermen," always ready to point to records bearing out their claim that the heaviest crew stays the course better.

Because of their light crew Oxford have a new boat, specially designed for them by the famous Mr Sims of Hammersmith, who made racing craft in the days of peace and canoes for Combined Operations during the war. This boat is 61 feet long, one and a half feet shorter than the 1939 Cambridge boat.

Both crews have men whose studies were interrupted by the

war, and the Oxford man, R. M. A. Bourne, spent nearly six years in prison camps in Germany and Poland, including six months in an underground punishment centre. He follows a grand tradition, for both his father and grandfather stroked Oxford crews to victory. In the Cambridge boat P. L. P. Macdonald, a Canadian, is another with an unusual record. Until little over a year ago he had done no rowing at all!

## When Both Boats Sank

This year's Boat Race is the 90th as an annual event, for, although 1829 saw the first race between the Universities, not until 1856 was it decided to hold it yearly. Since then there have been many strange incidents. In 1859, for instance, the wash from four steamers swamped and sank the Cambridge boat, and in 1912 the race was actually rowed again because rough weather sank both boats.

On Saturday Cambridge, with 48 wins, will endeavour to increase their lead of six. But the C.N. makes no rash prophecy, and remains content to wish a fair wind and no favour.

## Men of the Trees

A NEW profession for young Scots is suggested by the official estimate that, owing to half of the United Kingdom forestry schemes being for Scotland, five years from now 8000 forestry workers will be required north of the Border.

More young men are now expected to be attracted to specialist forestry work as it will offer permanent employment. It is likely that the forestry departments of the Scottish Universities will be expanded to cope with the additional students expected. One of the principal centres in stimulating this new profession will be Aberdeen University, which has always placed a special emphasis on agriculture and forestry.

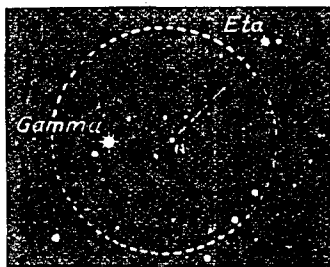
# Neptune at His Nearest

## HIS DISCOVERY JUST 100 YEARS AGO

By the C.N. Astronomer

THE planet Neptune is now at his nearest to us for this year—but at the immense distance of 2712 million miles. Therefore, the next few weeks offer the best opportunity for obtaining a glimpse of this very remote world. Even so Neptune appears only little brighter than 8th magnitude, and, if the night be dark and clear, powerful field-glasses or a 2-inch telescope will reveal him as a faint star.

It should be quite easy to find Neptune now because he may be seen not far from the 3rd magnitude star Gamma-in-Virgo, which appears a little way above and to the right of Jupiter. This brilliant planet is unmistakable, and may be found low in the east after about 8 p.m. The star-map which appeared in the C.N. for March 15 shows the relative positions of Jupiter, Gamma-in-Virgo, and the posi-



tion where Neptune may be found with optical aid.

The star-map given here will enable the observer to distinguish Neptune from the faint stars round about. The field-of-view, shown by the broken circle, is approximately that of a low-power telescope or field-glasses, and the stars shown are those down to about as faint as Neptune appears. Thus the planet may be identified and his motion followed towards the right for the next three months, during which he is moving from us. The bright star Gamma will be a most valuable guide.

## The Uranus Mystery

Until just a century ago no one had ever seen this remote world of Neptune or knew that it existed. There were indeed reasons for thinking that a world did exist beyond Uranus, because of the way Uranus moved in his orbit. After his discovery in 1781 Uranus was accelerated for several years and then retarded for several years more, until by 1845 the planet was far away from the position it should have occupied. In that year, a young and expert mathematician, J. Couch Adams, of Cambridge, explained it as due to the gravitational pull of some great body far beyond Uranus. On October 21, 1845, Adams sent to Greenwich Observatory full details of that body's probable orbit and where it would be found, so that a search might be made; but unfortunately a search was not made. Again on September 3, 1846, Adams sent revised and still closer computations to Greenwich, but still the supposed planet was not looked for.

Meanwhile, another very able mathematician, Le Verrier, in-

# TWO POETS DOWN SOMERSET WAY

MORE of England's lovely woodland has been made secure for the people to roam in freely for all time. Mr Geoffrey Luttrell of Dunster Castle has given to the National Trust Woodlands Common and Shervage Woods in the Quantock Hills, close to the pretty village of Holford.



The Young Wordsworth

It is good news for all who love those green hills of Somerset which look across the sea; and who does not? But to all those whose love of English poetry is no less than their love of the English scene this gift means much more: it is a corner of the countryside that Wordsworth and Coleridge knew—countryside linked for ever with the two poets in a year of happy companionship.

It all began when Coleridge went to live in the village of Nether Stowey, a mile or two from Holford. His paper, The Watchman, had failed, and he went to live in a cottage there.

*My own lowly cottage, where my babe  
And my babe's mother dwell in peace.*

He took a great interest in his little garden there, hoping to make it pay and keep his family (Sara and his son Hartley). "I hope to live on it with a pig or two, for I would rather be a self-maintaining gardener than a Milton if I could not be both," he wrote.

He was visited there by Charles and Mary Lamb, who went on to Racedown in Dorset to see their friend William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, who were also economising in the country. This led to Coleridge going over to meet the Wordsworths, and a little later to the Wordsworths moving into Somerset to be near him.

William and Dorothy rented, for £23 a year, the manor of Alfoxden, at Holford, within easy distance of Coleridge's cottage; and thus began a poetical association which is unique in English literature.

They were enchanted by what they found amid these Somerset hills. "There is everything here," wrote Dorothy, "sea and woods wild as fancy ever painted."

Continued from the previous column dependently deduced the position and details of this unknown world, in 1846. He sent particulars to the astronomer Galle at Berlin on September 23, 1846. The same evening Galle looked in the region of the Heavens indicated by Le Verrier, and there was the great disturbing world very near to the place stated by Le Verrier, and also by Adams; but the distance of Neptune proved to be nearer to the calculation by Adams.

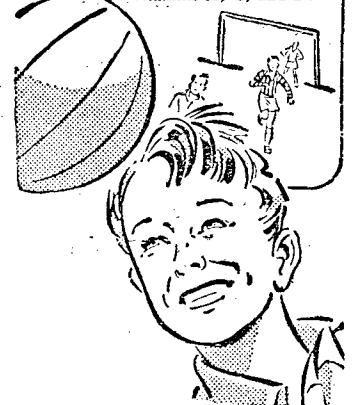
The momentous discovery proved to be a great world similar to Uranus, but somewhat larger, being about 72 times the size of the Earth and having a diameter of 33,000 miles. It was over a thousand million miles beyond Uranus but was nevertheless able by its pull on that planet to reveal its own existence to those master minds, Adams and Le Verrier.

G. F. M.

For hours the Wordsworths would wander with Coleridge through the woods where  
*Through primrose-tufts, in that sweet bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;  
And tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.*

Tramping through the heather on the high ridges, Wordsworth would shout his rhymings into the winds; and although after only a year, Wordsworth and his sister had to leave, the experience left an indelible mark on our literature. The Lyrical Ballads are the record of the happy days which Wordsworth and Coleridge spent among these hills of Somerset; and as has truly been written "a volume which opens with The Ancient Mariner and closes with lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey may well be considered one of the most remarkable in the whole range of English poetry."

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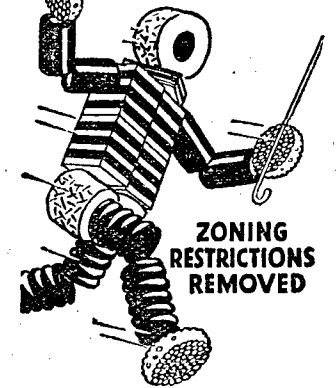
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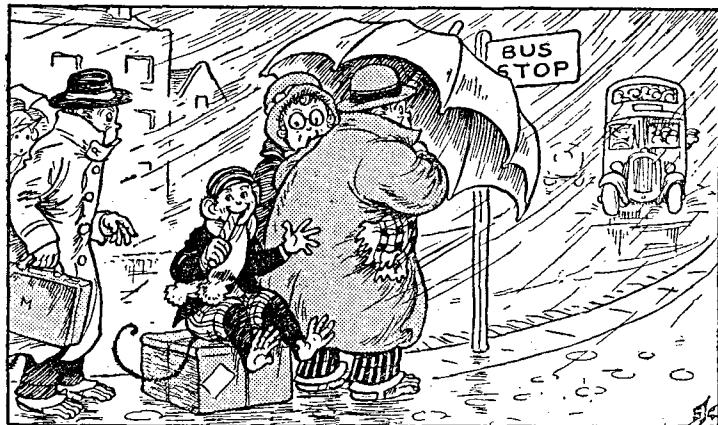
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# THE BRAN TUB

## Jacko is a Bit Too Clever



WHILE Jacko was waiting for the bus a heavy shower began. He hates getting wet, and when a stout lady and gentleman with a big umbrella came along he had an artful idea. "Please take first place in the queue," he said politely, and, popping behind the portly pair, he sheltered nicely behind their broad backs and umbrella. But when the bus arrived it had room for two only, so cunning Jacko had to stay behind in the rain.

### OFFSPRING

"Oh, look, Mummy!" cried little Iris as she saw a friend's car go down the road followed very closely by a motor-cycle, "Mr Wright's car has a pup!"

### Silver Collection

VALERIE was saving up to buy a puppy, so everyone had been asked to give her money instead of presents for her birthday. Altogether she had £2 15s in sixpences and half-crowns, there being twice as many of the larger coins as there were of the small.

How many of each did she have?

Answer next week

### Wide Open Space

BRAGGED a student whose surname was Hind, "I've a retentive and good open mind." Said the lecturer, "No, indeed that's not so—'It is empty entirely I find!'"

### Vivid Reminder

I AM going to call these verses A Broken Vase. Hm! Reminds me of a little thing our daily help dashed off the other day.

## FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

**Dangers of Early Nesting.** Don was delighted when a pair of Blackbirds began building their nest in the garden hedge. Farmer Gray did not share Don's enthusiasm. "March is too early for Blackbirds to nest," he declared. "Mild sunny weather early in the year encourages birds to begin rearing a family, but often the attempt ends in tragedy. The hedgerows provide little cover at this time of the year; thus there is danger of discovery by thoughtless boys or prowling cats. Rain or snow may result in the young fledglings being drowned, while a late spell of cold weather means a shortage of food. Certainly the early nesters run many risks."

### Other Worlds

IN the morning Jupiter is low in the west. In the evening Mars and Saturn are in the south-west, Venus is low in the west, and Jupiter is in the south-east. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at 7 a.m. on Friday, March 29.



### Maxim to Memorise

BETTER the feet slip than the tongue.

### MAKING A SHOW

OUR new office-boy seems a very hard worker. Yes, didn't you know? That's his speciality. Working hard? No, seeming to.

## The Children's Hour

BBC programmes from Wednesday, March 27, to Tuesday, April 2.

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 The Tale of Pigling Bland (Part 2). 5.15 Birthday Flight. 5.50 Prayers. Midland, 5.0 Planting Your Garden; followed by a Concert. North, 5.0 John-Who-Couldn't-Talk; followed by Earlestown District Junior Choir; and For Stamp Collectors. Northern Ireland, 5.30 Variety. Welsh, 5.0 Captain—a story; followed by Young artists.

THURSDAY, 5.0 The Commodore (Part 3). Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh.

FRIDAY, 5.0 Jack Sets Out To Become a Policeman; followed by Northumbrian Minstrels Band.

SATURDAY, 5.0 Grumpy Ben—Willie Joss reads the story; followed by Radio Inversnecky.

North, and Northern Ireland, 5.0 The Seventh Task of Finn the Red; followed by Competition results.

SUNDAY, 5.0 Regional Round. 5.40 The Zoo Man. North, 5.0 The Week's Programmes; followed by The Legend of Roland.

MONDAY, 5.0 Said the Cat to the Dog (No 10). 5.25 A Visit to Cowleaze Farm (No 12). North, 5.0 Wandering with Nomad; followed by Dobson and Young. Scottish, 5.0 Hut Country Nests and Eggs; followed by Howard's Fun Fair.

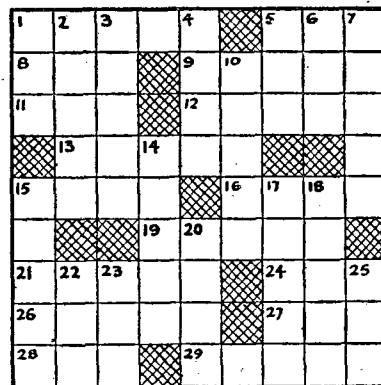
TUESDAY, 5.0 Dr Tammy Troot—Willie Joss reads the story; followed by Down at the Mains. North, 5.0 The Brydon's Half-Term Holiday. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh.

## Cross Word Puzzle

**Reading Across.** 1 Important underground worker. 5 Slow. 8 Eggs. 9 To think. 11 Cooking vessel. 12 A failing in duty. 13 To reunite. 15 A strait, in Scotland. 16 Comfort. 19 The white poplar. 21 Plant from which aniseed comes. 24 Unwell. 26 Entices. 27 Hebrew prophet. 28 Devoured. 29 Rigid.

**Reading Down.** 1 A floor-cleaner. 2 Tusks are of this. 3 Pertaining to one's birth. 4 To move in a circular direction. 5 The edge of a vessel. 6 Answer (abbrev). 7 Reputed silly birds. 10 One to whom money is to be paid. 14 A letting of lands. 15 Australia's Teddy Bear. 17 Foreign. 18 Disposes of, for money. 20 None better. 22 A hard-coated fruit. 23 Wrath. 25 To rest lengthwise.

Answer next week



## PURCHASE PRICE

MRS. ROBINS and her friend Mrs Brown each bought a carpet at the same price per square foot.

Mrs. Robins's carpet was three feet longer than it was wide and cost £2 14s more than her friend's, which was one foot longer but one foot less in width.

What was the cost per square foot?

Answer next week

## Tongue Twister

SHAY's ship-shape ship shop stocks stacks of ship-shape ship-solled ships.

## MASH SEASONING

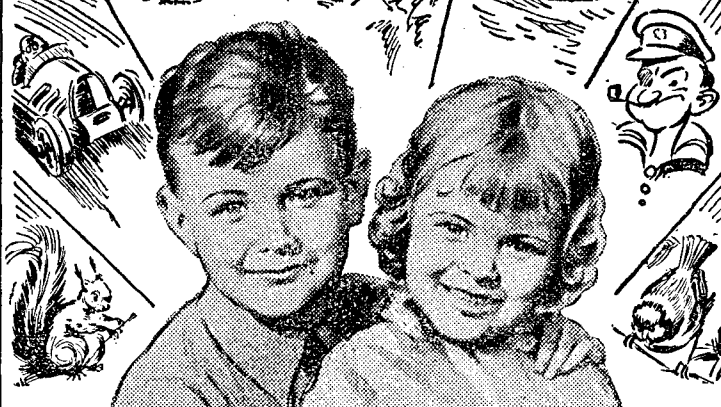
A LITTLE salt well mixed into their mash is very good for fowls, and helps to keep the digestion in order.

The dose should be about half a level teaspoonful for six birds.



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